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# Puck

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IT TAKES A BIGGER TAIL THAN THAT TO WAG THIS DOG.



**PUCK,**  
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Editor - - - H. C. Bunner.

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**CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.**

**CONCERNING  
GAMBLING AND  
PROTECTION.**

THERE is one important American religion which we fear will not be represented in the "World's Parliament of Religions" to be held at Chicago. This is not because it is unpopular but because its believers have lately been in straits so dire as to unfit them for calm religious discussion. We refer to the well-known "Holy Church of American Gamblers." What? Never heard of it? That's queer; because its gospel is the most popular that is preached in America to-day, and it affiliates easily with all other churches. Unlike the religions you are most familiar with, perhaps, its benefits are tangible and may be enjoyed right here on this fleshly little earth. Then, too, its creed is devoid of those metaphysical twistings in which the followers of other creeds so often lose their way. It consists of the one beautifully short and clear command: "Get Something for Nothing." Several of the prominent lights of the church went down at Chicago the other day. John Cudahy had the farthest to fall. Mr. Cudahy is a striking example of how an honest, hard-working man may degenerate into a gambler. When he began life his capital consisted of brains and muscle. He worked hard on legitimate lines and became wealthy. Last Fall he won one and a half million dollars betting on the price of pork. Last Spring he is said to have lost four or five millions. This time he was betting on wheat. Then he bought tall stacks of pork-chips again, but the cards did n't come his way. We do not see how any fair-minded person can sympathize with John Cudahy in his loss. He forfeited all right to sympathy when he began to gamble with the proceeds of a legitimate business. We think it would be well for him now if he were compelled to work ten hours a day for two dollars a day, during the next dozen years, to keep from starving. He would learn this lesson that speculators throughout the country ought to learn: gambling does n't create wealth; if you win wealth, some one else must lose it; you are just as likely as not to be some one else. Still, the gospel "Get Something for Nothing," will continue to be preached and to win converts. We shall hear of men who wake up to find themselves worth millions; and of other men who wake up to ruin.

And all this is—what? According to our best light, it is the logical reduction of the policy of Protection: "to prevent competition, get control

of the market and force up prices." Mr. Cudahy and the Copper Trust have as much right to do this in their own way as Mr. Carnegie has to do it by Government aid. Speculative methods in general, and the formation of trusts in particular, have done more to illumine the fallacies of Protection than all the free-trade tracts that were ever penned. Any one of the Trusts is the whole scheme of Protection in miniature—a scheme to rob the many for the benefit of the few. This seems to have been widely known last November. The knowledge has been driven a little deeper since then. What were once regarded as free-trade heresies are fast becoming axioms; a little later and they must become platitudes of the tritest sort. We have learned, for instance, that Protection is unequal in its effects and must always be so, until it protects every trade and profession alike—when none would receive any protection. The silver movement did much to let us into this open secret. Strangely enough we rebelled at longer paying a bounty on silver; yet, if we pay a bounty on the sugar of Louisiana, we ought, in all fairness, to pay a bounty on the silver of Colorado. If we protect the industries we should protect the professions. How can we consistently open our gates to the pauper lawyers, physicians and actors of wicked Europe? Why should we protect Andrew Carnegie and allow the laborer to hustle for himself, unprotected? Why not tax the telephone to protect the telegraph; and vice versa? The over-assessed people have answered these questions to the intense discomfiture of the Republican party. Another protectionist bulwark which has been shattered by the common-sense of the people, is the pet theory about the price of labor. "Compare the wages paid the pauper labor of Europe with your own," says the protected manufacturer to his men, forgetting these men have learned that the "pauper labor" of free-trade England gets more than the "pauper-labor" of the protected countries of the Continent. The high-priests of Protection paint the protected manufacturer as a benevolent being whose sole aim is to increase the price of his product so that he may pay his labor more money. It is rather surprising, is it not, that a large number of us, with no small pretensions to sanity, believed that gauzy fiction for many years? Strange, is it not, that we ever regarded labor as anything else than a marketable commodity, with its price regulated by the old law of supply and demand? Yet the McKinley Bill, which, it is said, Mr. Carnegie helped to frame, and which should have raised the price of labor along with the price of Mr. Carnegie's product, had hardly gone into effect before Mr. Carnegie reduced the wages in his shops. It might have been different if foreign labor had been among the prohibitions of the McKinley Bill; but events showed that the labor markets of the world had been left open to Mr. Carnegie. It then became a little plainer that the more labor there is the cheaper it will be; and the more money Mr. Carnegie will have for Carnegie castles and coaches and public libraries. Here, then, are two facts that the people have rescued from the confusing clamor that threatened to drown them: Protection is unjust because it is unequal. The price of labor is not influenced by the price of its product. We may expect the manufacturer whose profits are fattened by Protection to raise the same sort of rumpus, when protection is denied him, as that with which the silver producers celebrated the fall of their staple. But, then, we seem also to have learned that an abuse has no right to continue just because its removal will hurt those who have profited by it.

**HOW HE SOLD IT.**



**FAIR CUSTOMER**—Why do you charge so much more for this gown than for the other?

**CELEBRATED IMPORTER** (*in a whisper*).—Why, you see, this gown was smuggled, and we paid the ordinary duty on the other. Makes it much less common.

**WELL, RATHER.**

"Why do they call the World's Fair the 'White City'?"

"Oh, just to distinguish it from Chicago, I suppose!"

"YOUR LORDSHIP" and "your highness" never slip so glibly as from the lips of flunkies—and alleged Republicans.

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**ALWAYS AN OBJECTION.**

**MR. STEINBACH.**—Vas you to dot Synagogue yesterday, Moses?

**MR. ROSENBAUM.**—No.

**MR. STEINBACH.**—Vell, der Rabbi says if ve want to pe goot we haf to make sacrifices.

**MR. ROSENBAUM.**—Oh, I don't go to no Synagogue vere a Rabbi dalks shop in der pulpit!





# MAME

A Ballad of  
Cherry Hill

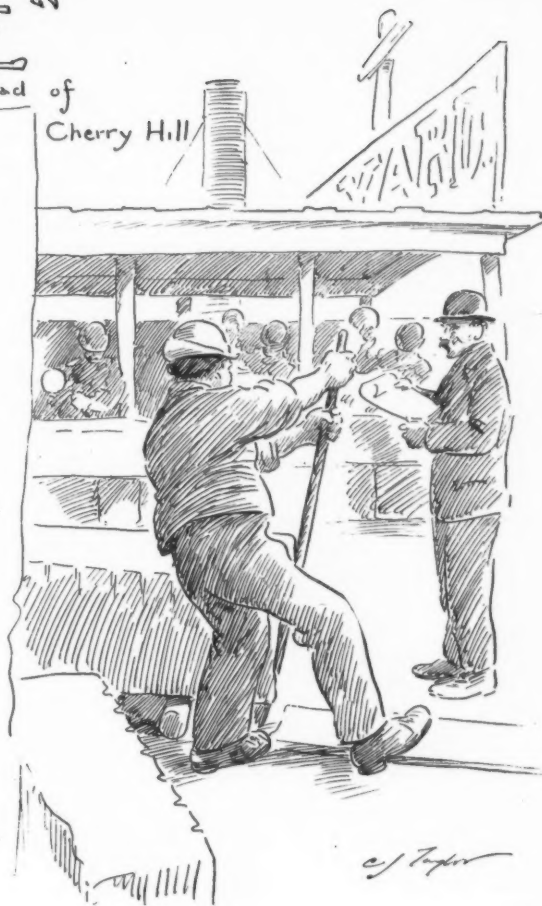
AT DARK, at dark on Cherry Hill,  
With der gas jets flarin' bright,  
An' der singin' sailors never still,  
An' de dancin' all the night —  
But I ain't got nuthin' a' tall ter say,  
An' nuthin' a' tall I see;  
Thinkin' o' Mame, as I do all day,  
An' de gang is on ter me.

Alone, alone, dey 've shook me dead,  
Though dey 're all afeard to chaff;  
An' never a guy one word has said,  
But I know I gits der laugh.  
O Mame! O Mame! it's all fer you  
I'm t'rown down like dis, — see?  
But all der same I loves yer true  
An' de gang is on ter me.

A mont', a mont', since we first met  
On a 'scurion down the bay,  
Of der Michael Feeny Social Set;  
Oh, der fun we had dat day!  
An' comin' back der big bright moon  
Shone silver on de sea;  
We spieled at ev'ry chowder tune,  
Till de gang got on ter me.

All day, all day, I'm workin' hard  
As I never worked before,  
A-jugglin' stone in Clancy's Yard  
Till both me hands is sore.  
So have me fer yer steady fel',  
An' say your 're stuck on me.  
As fer de rest — aw, wot t'ell,  
If de gang is on ter me!

Roy L. McCordell.



## THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

IN THE far northland, where the cold is perpetual;  
where the sun rises only a few degrees above the  
horizon even in Midsummer; where the year is  
one long day and one long night, existence is  
most precarious, and fraught with peculiar diffi-  
culties unknown to the inhabitants of more favored  
lands." — *Scientific Authority.*

It was in north latitude 86° 54' 9".

In the front parlor a youth vowed eternal love for a maiden. She  
was very beautiful in her empire bearskin cut high in the neck.

Suddenly a discordant sound interrupted their communion.

"Ain't that fellow going pretty soon?" shouted a harsh voice from the  
adjoining apartment. "He's been here two months and a half."

"That may be true, Pa," rejoined the girl, with a swift femi-  
nine ingenuity; "but it is n't near midnight yet."

The triumph was hers.

All the old man could do, logically, was to turn uneasily  
upon his couch and let it go at that.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

HOON (*entering Hawville hotel*).—Say, Tanner,  
is Hank Bitters around here anywhere? I've looked  
for him at the Tonsorial Parlor, the Ice-cream Parlor,  
the Tin-type Parlor, Slade's Coffin Parlors, the Rose-  
bud Fortune Parlors, Root's Dental Parlors and every  
other place I can think of where he usually hangs  
out, and blamed if I can find him!

LANDLORD TANNER.—He hain't been here to-  
day. I reckon if he's in town you'll find him either  
at the Temple of Economy or the Palace Livery  
Stable.

## THE SNAP-SHOT ERA.

HE.—Will you give me your photograph?

SHE.—I will exchange with you.

HE (*pressing a button in the head of his cane*).—

Ah, a thousand thanks!

SHE (*pressing a button in the handle of her fan*).—And I  
thank you ever so much!

## INHERENT.

MRS. KIDDER.—How faithfully the Jews observe the  
ancient rites of their Church!

MR. KIDDER.—Yes; they offer sacrifices even to this  
day on the Bowery.

## THEY'D DUN HIM.

TEN BROKE.—What is the language of flowers?

MARIE GOLD.—I don't believe they have any.

TEN BROKE.—They should be very vociferous if it is true that money  
talks.

## PLAUSIBLE.

They go into the church unwed,  
And married they come out;  
And this is why, it has been said,  
The sex is so devout.

John Ludlow.



## HIS IDEA.

TIRED TOLLIVER.—If you had to work fer a living, Indi, what'd  
you do?

INDOLENT IVERS.—I'd keep an employment agency an' make me  
livin' gittin' other people work.



# ETCHINGS.

I.



BELOW THE gigantic vault of heaven, a man is thinking.

The shades of night are still falling; now one falls upon his arm, but he does not heed it. Alone, wrapped in a cloak of impenetrable conjecture, he confronts the dark.

A solitary ray of light emanates from a lamp-post overhead; it strikes upon his massive brow, his fearless eye. His mouth is open and it strikes his teeth.

Gray, cold mists toss here and there,—on every side. With encircling arm he upholds the lamp-post, and thinks sternly on. The mists are dissolving upon him; large drops roll down his tall, black hat and fall upon his white shirt bosom; they form within his tall, white collar and flow down into his long, black shoes.

On he plunges in that one great thought. It is a thought of ineffable grandeur, of inexpressible wonder, and the elements in all their fury reach him not; — he is wondering what his name is!

Slowly his head sinks upon his bosom, majestically he swings forward and reclines upon the curbstones. A rippling stream of water flows through his tired frame.

He still thinks.

II.

They are chewing gum, upon a bench, under the vague trees.

She whirls her jaw swiftly from left to right, whilst the birds accompany with their joyous carols. He pushes his jaw slowly up and down, and a park policeman keeps time with his heavy feet.

He gazes pitilessly through the long vistas of encircling boughs; a sigh flies from his gleaming teeth; his derby hat is indented upon the side, but he knows it not.

Her heart-beats echo the steps of the park policeman; and her glance is shivered upon that massy form; but it hurts him not.

Underneath the bench, grass is growing hastily into the air; upon the spreading branch, in silent ecstasy, a sparrow is scratching his ear; in the far distance a hitching-post stands meditative, — grand.



# WHAT HE APPLAUDED.

AMY TEUR.—I thought, my dear Count, that you were a judge of music. I wonder at the applause you bestow upon that man's effort — his singing is abominable!

COUNT DORAME.—Ah, Madam, it is not his voice I so admire; it is his bravery! *Bravo! Encore!*

Yet all is not still; a dull, crunching sound vibrates upon the tense atmosphere.

Then it ceases. He revolves his head and looks into her creamy neck; a caterpillar is poised with seven legs upon her collar; it prepares to jump within. From an eye corner she sees the danger, and is stupefied. The grass stops growing, — the sparrow, scratching, — the post, standing — in their anxiety.

He softly lifts his firm hand, seizes the insect by the hair of the back, dashes it madly down.

They chew gum.

Ryerson Egerton.

# AN IMPEDIMENT IN ITS SPEECH.

MERCHANT.—I hate to deal with Gotrox. He is such slow pay. He hates to part with his money.

JUMPUPPE.—Yet he can make his money talk as well as any one else when he takes a notion.

MERCHANT.—I don't know about that. It always seems to me that his money stutters.

# A BERING DITTY.

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"

Asked the seal, with aspect awesome.

"Yes, my child," her mama replied;

"But look out for the *mare clausum*."

# QUITE TRUTHFUL.

SHE.—Oh, George, dear, I never loved any man but you!

HE.—But, Muriel — they told me that you had already been married and divorced.

SHE.—Why, yes; but I did n't love him, or I would n't have got a divorce, don't you see.

BIRDS OF a feather flock where they can fight with birds of another feather.

MEN HAVE to serve an apprenticeship in the use of all other implements but that most fateful one, the tongue.

NEVER PUT off till to-morrow what you can do to-day — unless it happens to be an investment in stocks.

POVERTY CAN beat a whole college of surgeons in keeping off the gout.





#### A TANK.

THE REVEREND MR. HARPS (*solemnly*).—Brother Isaac, are you not aware what a terrible thing it is to take an enemy into your mouth to steal away your brains?

ALKALI IKE.—Wal, I dunno, Parson. Ye see, I avoid all the trouble by admittin' a whole procession at a time, and sorter lettin' 'em fight among themselves for the swag.

#### SHE CAUSED IT.

SPENCER.—And was it the fact that Charlie Gayboy and Mrs. Giddi-wun came on the same boat which caused all the scandal?

FERGUSON.—No; it was the fact that Charlie's mother-in-law also happened to be on the boat.



#### AND HE DID.

MABEL.—Jack told me last night that he wanted to kiss me.

FLOSSIE.—The forward wretch! What did you say?

MABEL.—I told him I had heard he always had his own way.

#### QUITE PROBABLE.

WAYLAND.—He must be a good artist when his pictures sell so well.

WILLING.—Not necessarily. He may be a good salesman.

#### HAD HE SPOKEN?

WILL GITTHERE.—I want to ask you, sir, for your daughter's hand.

OLD GOLD.—Have you asked her for it yet?

WILL GITTHERE.—No, sir. I thought better to speak to you first.

OLD GOLD.—And supposing I should refuse my consent?

WILL GITTHERE.—In that case, sir, she assures me she will elope.

#### A DISCOVERY.

CITY BOY.—Is n't it funny to see that garden full of water-melons?

FARMER.—What is there funny about it?

CITY BOY.—Why, I always thought they grew in ponds, like water-lilies.

#### AN ACCOUNTING.

VAN DEMMIT.—Rather poor house to-night, eh?

MANAGER.—Yes; poor but honest. No passes were given to-night.

[IGNORANCE OF the law excuses no one for associating with lawyers.

A SPRING POEM has been happily described as "a writ of ejectment often served on the drawee."

MANY A YOUNG fellow who would otherwise hardly be able to navigate is sailing along very comfortably in his heirship.

YOU CAN measure the civilization of a people by the amount of hell in their religion.

#### WILLING TO WORK.

"Now," said the Warden to the Forger who had just arrived at the prison, "we'll set you to work. What can you do best?"

"Well, if you'll give me a week's practice on your signature, I'll sign your official papers for you," said the Prisoner.

#### BONES TO PICK.

We never lack a bone to pick,  
Since fate has chosen to deposit  
Within my wife's abode and mine  
The usual "skeleton in the closet."

John Ludlow.



#### A WASTEFUL METHOD.

MR. OAKLOT (*to pile driver operator*).—I'll bet ye a three-months' calf that I c'd pull up them there stumps in half the time ye can drive 'em down.



## THE EVOLUTION OF THE SUBURBANITE.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH IN FIVE TABLEAUX.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- MR. SUBURBANITE.... *A married New Yorker of moderate means, lately settled in Commutahville, N. J.*  
 MR. CITT..... *His friend, an unmarried New Yorker of moderate means.*  
 MR. NEXT..... *Friend to Mr. Citt. Also an unmarried New Yorker of moderate means.*

TIME: *The Present.*

TABLEAU I. SCENE: *A Pleasant Suburban Road. Neat Cottage in foreground, with front lawn. View of hills, etc., in distance.*

MR. SUBURBANITE discovered escorting MR. CITT to the Sunday afternoon train. The latter carries a hand-bag. He has been spending the day at Commutahville.

MR. CITT (*with an expression of kindly superiority, gazing carelessly and superciliously about him*).—Nice sort of little place you have here, Subby. I suppose you'll get to like it pretty well, too, after a while. Let's see, you used to say that you rather liked country life, did n't you? Seems kind of funny to see you in a place like this, though. I should think you'd find it slow a good deal of the time. I should, I know. However, as you say, the children—you know best, of course, what suits you—but I should think—Oh! is that the train? (*Shaking hands warmly and hurriedly.*) Well, good-by; I've had a charming day! Tell Mrs. Suburbanite how much I've enjoyed it! So long!

(*Exit, running.*)

TABLEAU II. SCENE: *Same Pleasant Suburban Road. Same neat Cottage in foreground, with same front lawn. Same view of hills, etc., in distance.*

MR. SUBURBANITE discovered, accompanying MR. CITT to the Monday morning train. MR. CITT still carries a hand-bag, but his demeanor is less proud and more genial. He is thinking of a girl he knows in town, and wishing that MRS. SUBURBANITE knew her, and would ask her out.

MR. CITT (*gazing about him approvingly*).—Really, you are very nicely settled here, Subby, old man. Seems to have done you good, too. Gad! I never knew you were such a walker. Say, these macadam roads must be elegant for tandem bicycles, must n't they? I s'pose you really like it out here, don't you? Of course you do, or you would n't stay. Well, if you do want to live in the country, I suppose you could n't have chosen a prettier place, in its way. That little view down there (*pointing*), that's really very pretty a morning like this, don't you know? Spring makes everything look pretty, though, I suppose.

(*Exeunt, strolling, to catch the train by one-eighth-of-a-second.*)

TABLEAU III. SCENE: *Just the same Pleasant Suburban Road. Just the same neat Cottage in foreground, with just the same front lawn. Just the same view of hills, etc., in distance.*

MR. SUBURBANITE discovered, accompanying MR. CITT to the Wednesday morning train. MR. CITT carries no hand-bag. He has got to the point of leaving his things at the house, and running out when he feels like it. He is engaged to the girl in New York; and he looks around him with balmy ecstasy bubbling in his heart and beaming out of his eyes.



MR. CITT.—No, old man, I'm sorry, but I shan't be out again to-night. Nellie will be at Narragansett at the end of the week, and I must hurry up and get some work done if I want to get off and see her. If it was n't for that, I'd love to stay. Really, I don't believe you fellows who live out here all the time quite appreciate what a good time you have. Why, I met Lugsby in town the other day, and he was perfectly enthusiastic over his visit here. Said he had n't enjoyed himself so much in—he did n't know when. Oh, there's no doubt about it, you've got a most delightful, rational way of life. Of course Nellie and I would n't care to live anywhere except in New York; but I suppose there's no doubt about it, you fellows out here in the country get more in return for your money than we do in the city. Now what, for instance, did you say that little gray house over there on the hill rented for? Oh, yes, five hundred dollars. Cheap, is n't it, for such a location? And then that view! Why, Lugsby—you know how undemonstrative he is?—he was quite enthusiastic over that view. He said there was something Swiss about it.

(*Exeunt MR. CITT, talking steadily.*)

TABLEAU IV. SCENE: *Same identical Suburban Road. Same identical neat Cottage in foreground, with same identical front lawn. Same identical view of hills, etc., in distance.*

MR. SUBURBANITE discovered escorting MR. CITT to last Sunday afternoon train. MR. CITT's bearing is no longer either proud or exultant; but humble, grateful and anxious. He is married, and is the father of one child, aged at the present moment 21 days, 4 hours and 56 minutes. He wears an ulster, and he grasps his friend's hand with effusive warmth at parting.

MR. CITT.—Well, good-by old man. You've been awfully kind to take so much trouble. I feel as if I'd been confoundedly selfish, don't you know, taking up your Sunday in dragging you all over those cold houses; but, really, I should n't know what to do if it was n't for your advice. No; I positively can't stay to dinner—Mrs. Suburbanite is just as good as she can be—but I must get back to the flat. The doctor says Nellie can sit up to dinner to-day, if she's had a good day, and I know the poor child has simply set her heart on it. Your wife understands, I am sure. I can't tell you how relieved I shall be when I get Nellie and the baby out here in the fresh air and quiet! She can't help getting back her strength here, don't you think so? And she'll enjoy it so! And that view! Think of having that view to look at instead of that miserable dark city street! Why, every time I see that view, it reminds me of Switzerland! And you'll tell the agent that I'll take the Dusenberry cottage—the gray one, I mean, not the other—you know. Good-by again, and thank you ever so much. Nellie will be simply delighted when I tell her.

(*Exit, computing interest.*)

TABLEAU V. SCENE: *Same Pleasant Suburban Road. TWO Neat Cottages in foreground, with TWO front lawns. Same view of same hills, etc., in same distance.*

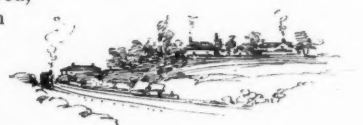
MR. CITT discovered, escorting MR. NEXT to the Sunday afternoon train. The latter carries a hand-bag. He has been spending the day in Commutahville with his old friend and former bachelor companion, MR. CITT, late of New York. With an expression of kindly superiority he gazes carelessly and superciliously about him.

MR. CITT (*with feverish enthusiasm*).—Pretty nice, now, is n't it? I don't believe there's another place like this within twenty—no, sir, within forty miles of New York. I'll tell you what it is, Next, my boy, what you want to do is to marry a nice girl, and come out here and settle down with us. It's the only real way to enjoy life. Now there's that house I had before I built my present one—the Dusenberry cottage up there on the hill—put a few hundred, or may be a thousand dollars' worth of repairs into that—to the plumbing and that sort of thing—and it will make a cottage fit for a king. And that view!—man alive, look at that view! Could you imagine you were within one hour of New York? Why, man, it's Switzerland, that's what it is! It's Switzerland!

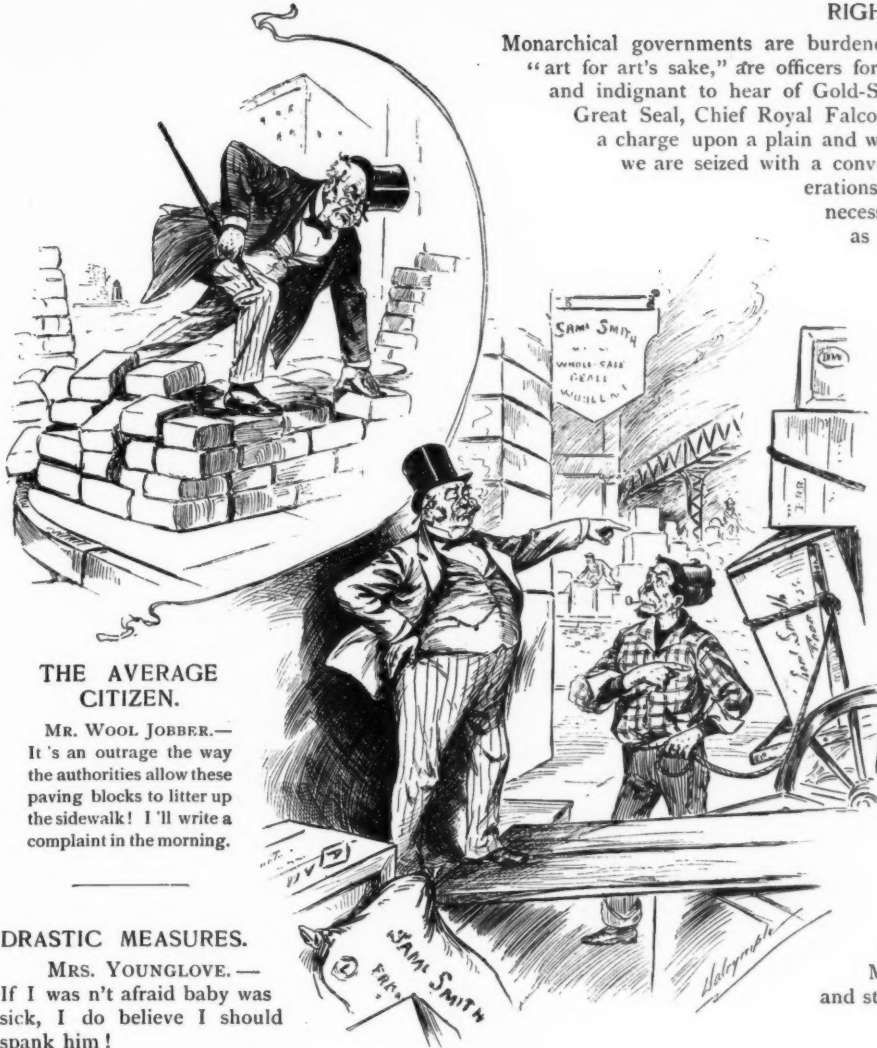
(*Exeunt. The train booms in the distance.*)

SO SPINS—TO END IT WITH A RHYME—  
 THAT VENGEFUL WHIRLIGIG OF TIME!

H. C. Bunner.







### THE AVERAGE CITIZEN.

MR. WOOL JOBBER.—It's an outrage the way the authorities allow these paving blocks to litter up the sidewalk! I'll write a complaint in the morning.

### DRASTIC MEASURES.

MRS. YOUNGLOVE.—If I was n't afraid baby was sick, I do believe I should spank him!

YOUNGLOVE.—Well, let's make sure. You begin spanking, and I'll go for the doctor.

DRIVER.—Say, boss, where do you want these boxes; in the cellar?

MR. WOOL JOBBER.—Cellar? Certainly not! Leave them on the sidewalk.

### THE REALISTIC PLAY.

SPACERAYT.—He is the best critic of a play we have now.

LINER.—How is that?

SPACERAYT.—Why, he was a stage-carpenter and property-man himself, once.

THE INFALLIBILITY of the Pope is n't a marker to the infallibility of a cast-iron gas-meter in the eyes of a self-abasing gas corporation employée.

### RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.

Monarchical governments are burdened with many useless officers who, like that baseless thing, "art for art's sake," are officers for the sake of office. It makes us democratic people impatient and indignant to hear of Gold-Stick-in-Waiting and Master of the Cinq Ports, Keeper of the Great Seal, Chief Royal Falconer and all those useless officers in useless offices foisted as a charge upon a plain and worthy people. This makes us impatient and indignant, but we are seized with a convulsion of rage when we recall that the English have for generations been charged with the support of such an absurdly unnecessary, wildly ridiculous and superlatively superfluous sinecure as the office of the Keeper of the King's Conscience.

Williston Fish.

### EXPERIENCED.

AD. VERTYSER.—We want a man who knows both how to keep his mouth closed and how to stave off the curious.

APPLICANT.—I think I would suit you; I used to be clerk in an information bureau.

### A SURE SIGN.

SHARPLEY.—Old Silliman is becoming of the opinion that he is very sharp and knowing.

BIMLY.—How do you know?

SHARPLEY.—Have n't you noticed that he is forming the habit of nudging people?

### TURN ABOUT.

TOOTS.—It takes an artist to mix a cocktail.

TANKS.—I dare say; I've seen a cocktail mix an artist.

### SHE CHANGED NAMES.

MISS ROSEBUD.—Did she marry money?

WILLY WILT.—Yes; but it had another name.



### A WOMAN'S DEFINITION.

ETHEL.—Mama, what is a stag party?

MRS. KNOWITALL.—A party where a lot of men get together and stagnate for the lack of women, dear.

### THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

AUNTIE.—And how was Mama dressed at the party, Tottie?

TOTTIE.—W'y, she had a pitty, w'ite, long, short dwee!

AUNTIE.—But, dear, how could it be both long and short?

TOTTIE.—W'y, it was long at the bottom and short at the top!

COLOR IS hardly a matter of taste to the man who can't distinguish between black and green tea.

LIKE ATTRACTS like. A full hand usually means a full pocket.

WHEN YOU see a man who is fairly well contented with his lot, and has little grievance against the world, you can rest assured that he has had some pretty hard knocks in his time.

### AT THE BLACKVILLE GAMES.



BACKER OF THE "UNKNOWN".—Say, Mistah Judge, am dere any objections for my man to carry 'bout fife pounds wid him in dissher race?

THE JUDGE.—Cert'ly not, if yo's fool 'nough to 'low him to run dat way.



BACKER OF THE "UNKNOWN" (as his man leads down the stretch)—Fo' de lawd! Ise knowed he'd do it. Dat's de way he got his trainin'.





# COMMERCIAL DANCE HALL



C. J. Taylor

## THE BABY'S LETTER.



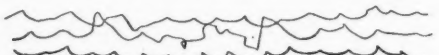
HERE ARE letters prim and perfect in their every line and jot,  
In which each "t" receives a cross and every "i" a dot;  
And rules of composition are observed with nicest care,  
While the very best of grammar is apparent everywhere.  
But, ah! no other message so a father's heart delights,  
As that of tangled traceries,—the note the baby writes:



When duty's voice has called us far away from home and friends,  
What joy to read the letters which the good wife ever sends!  
Her words are sweet and golden, and there gleams between the lines  
A gracious light where she a wreath of love and beauty twines.  
And when her kindly sentences are finished, how it glads  
The wanderer from home to see the note the baby adds:



Who dares to say that babies do not know whereof they write!  
Their meaning shines out warm and clear when love directs the sight.  
In every cabalistic line and angle one can see  
A sweetly mystic prophesy of all that is to be.  
And hope brings to the yearning heart a borrowed touch of bliss,  
With dreams of home and heaven in Baby's note like this:



Nixon Waterman.

## ENCOURAGEMENT LOST ON HIM.

"You look down in the mouth this morning, McCorkle."  
"I feel that way, McCrackle. Everything goes wrong. Luck is  
dead against me, and I feel like giving up entirely."  
"Oh, don't do that. Never despair. Let me tell you a true story.

An adventurer who had drifted into Lead-  
ville awoke one morning without food  
or money. He went out and shot  
a deer, which, when it had  
fallen, kicked up the dirt  
and disclosed signs of  
gold. The poor man  
staked out a claim and  
opened one of the most  
profitable mines ever  
worked in that marvel-  
ous region."

"Well, I don't see  
how that would do me  
any good. I can't shoot."

HE WAS EXPOSED  
TO SUCCESS.

ROSEVELT.—When  
Bloomstein was in the  
hospital with us, you re-  
member, we used to con-  
sider him stupid. How  
did he manage to build  
up such a large and re-  
munerative practice?

HANNEMANN.—He  
was just shrewd enough to es-  
tablish himself in a town where  
the local paper published a col-  
umn of medical advice each week.

## THE TURKISH IDEA OF IMMORALITY.

"Why do you suppose the Turkish Government has suppressed that  
magazine?"

"On the ground of immorality. It is continually printing poems in  
which men are represented as having only one wife."

## SANCTUM PLEASANTRY.

"So this is your idea of wit, eh?" said the Editor, as he read Wag's  
jokes.

"Yes, it is," said Wag.

"Well, the idea is certainly original," said the Editor.

THE OLD-FASHIONED fire-and-brimstone preacher tried to win the  
human race by a "dead heat."



## A CAREFUL FATHER.

CUSTOMER.—Give me two packages of cigarettes, please.  
DEALER (wishing to offer inducements).—This is the best  
brand. In each package you will find one of those very spicy  
photographs—  
CUSTOMER (horrified).—Heavens, man! Give me some  
other kind. These are for my daughter!

## A CAREFUL MAN.

THE BRIDE.—Do you ever cut yourself when shaving, dear?  
THE GROOM.—No; my razor is never sharp enough for that.

## ON THE HAPPY DAY.

FENILWORTH.—Hello, Van Quille! How  
are you? Have n't seen you for a year. I've  
been in Europe. Let me see; ybu and Mary are  
one now, are n't you?

VAN QUILLE (who has just become the  
owner of a new edition of himself).—No; we  
're—three.

## DOUBLY DISTRESSFUL.

His borrowing has caused a loss  
To him as well as me;  
For I have lost the money loaned,  
And he his memory.



## A REASONABLE REDUCTION.

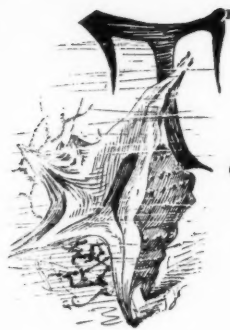
BATHER.—Hey, Boy! if you get those  
trousers away from that dog I'll give you  
ten cents.



Boy.—Here be one leg, Mister; but I'll only tax yer five cents.



## A SAD, SEA TALE.



THE MERMAN sat  
On a coral reef,  
And in a wild,  
Tempestuous grief,  
He mingled his  
Salty tears, did he,  
With the salty waves  
Of the briny sea.

"Alack and alas!"  
He cried in pain,  
And tried to balance  
His scales in vain;  
"I had not thought  
That there could be  
Such a disappoint-  
ment come to me."

Why did the merman  
Moan and weep  
In his coral home  
In the vasty deep?  
Because his share,  
From a wreck, by chance,  
Turned out to be  
A pair of pants.

Will J. Lampton.

## A POSSIBLE REASON.

"I wonder why the Hebrews still  
hope to get back to Jerusalem?"  
"The old hymn explains it. Don't  
you know how it runs?—'Jerusalem  
the Golden!'"

## WE GET IT ALL.

UPSTREET.—New York is a very  
cosmopolitan city.  
DONTON.—Yes; even the weather  
here is cosmopolitan.

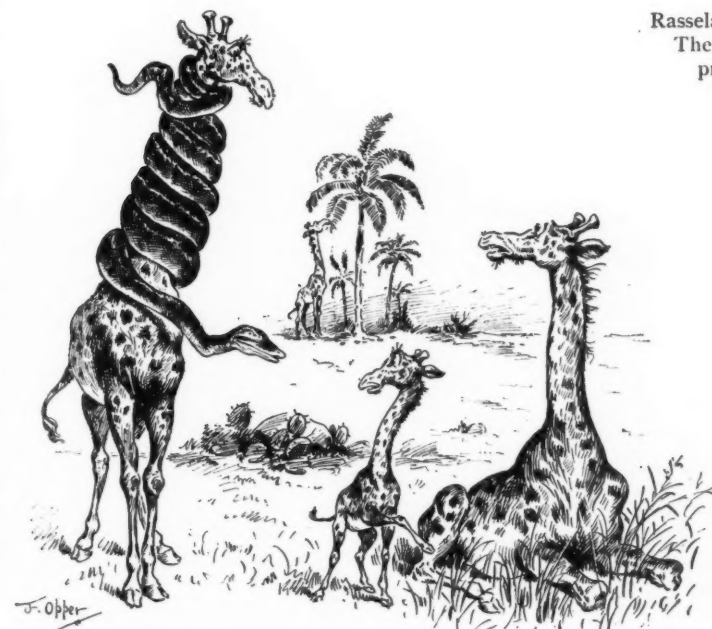
## AND THE MESHES ARE FINE.

"So the Duke is casting his net for an  
American heiress?"  
"Yes—his coronet."

## A STANDARD AUTHORITY.

JUDKINS.—Do you know who wrote the proverb,  
"Fools laugh at their own folly?"  
MUDKINS.—Why, Bartlett, I think, in his "Fa-  
miliar Quotations."

THE SILVER crash does n't affect the value of prize  
medals of that metal. But, then, they're evi-  
dence of another kind of mettle.



## A WISE PRECAUTION.

HUSBAND.—Why, Amelia! What does that mean?  
WIFE.—I've been suffering so much with sore throat  
lately, dear, that I thought I had better wear a boa for  
protection.

## A LAST RESORT.

CLERK.—I can't sell this silk at all, sir. As soon as  
I tell people the price they say it is not worth it.  
FLOOR-WALKER.—Well, we've got to get rid of it,  
somehow. Mark it up a dollar a yard more and put it on the  
bargain counter.

## THE POPULAR SONG.

The ditty which achieves success  
Is but a jingling sham,  
Which everybody learns to sing,  
And no one fails to damn!



## BAD LANGUAGE.

LITTLE BROWNING.—Mama, Hubley Howells uses awfully  
bad language.  
MRS. BACON HILL.—What did he say, dearest?  
LITTLE BROWNING.—He said "damn yer."  
MRS. BACON HILL (horried).—Oh, Browning! Never  
you say such a thing as that!  
LITTLE BROWNING (proudly).—No, Mama; I never say  
"yer." I always say "you."

## THE MONARCH'S REBUKE.

Rasselas sneered.  
The most powerful prince of Africa contemplated his  
prostrate subjects moodily.  
Prone upon the ground, with glances averted from  
the effulgence of the royal presence, they awaited  
the will of their potentate.  
It was the grand vizier who broke the  
silence, with many a reverential genuflection.  
"And is not your serene highness," he  
ventured to ask, "pleased, upon your return  
from abroad, with the homage of your faithful  
slaves?"  
The eye of Rasselas, ruler of Abyssinia,  
flashed with scorn.  
"Homage!" he repeated, disdainfully;  
"don't mention it. You don't know what hom-  
age is. Go—"  
The puissant sovereign turned upon his  
heel in disgust.  
"—to America and get a few pointers.  
Ye gods—"  
The hand of Rasselas was raised implor-  
ingly heavenward.  
"—grant that I may soon again be suffered  
to tour the Great Republic of the Occident!"  
Gazing at the setting sun he sighed heavily.

THERE IS no sixty-day notice required by the  
Old Woolen Stocking Savings Bank. But  
the trouble is, burglars understand that, perfectly.

Visitors to Chicago should not  
fail to call at the

## PUCK BUILDING, World's Fair Grounds.

Have your MAIL sent there.  
Write your LETTERS there.  
Meet your FRIENDS there.  
In fact, MAKE IT YOUR HEADQUAR-  
TERS during your stay at the Fair.  
The Puck Building is located mid-  
way between the Woman's Building  
and the Horticultural Hall, and is  
but a minute's walk from the 60th  
Street entrance to the Fair Grounds.

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## Automatic Reel.

It will wind up the line a hundred  
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It will wind the line up  
slowly. No fish can  
ever get slack line  
with it. It will save  
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other reel. Send for  
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Manipulated en-  
tirely by the hand  
that holds the rod.

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N. B.—See exhibit in Fisheries Building, World's Fair.

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SOAP  
Peerless for the  
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Requisite.  
Excelling in Quality  
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A trial will convince you  
that you want  
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Champagne

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This is the fastest thousand mile train on the globe, and is second only in speed to the famous

## EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS

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**Headache,**  
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NAUSEA,  
BRAIN FATIGUE,**

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MR. FLATBUSH (as he gazes down the walk on the Wooded Island).—Ah, twenty or thirty friends with their perambulators! Really, one could quite imagine he was in Brooklyn!—*World's Fair Puck.*



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Best Calf Shoe in the World for the Price.

Fine Calf Dress Shoes, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00. Very Stylish. Policemen's, Farmers' and Letter Carriers' \$3.50 Shoe. Three Soles, Extension Edge. \$2.50 and \$2.00 Shoes for General Wear. Extra Value.

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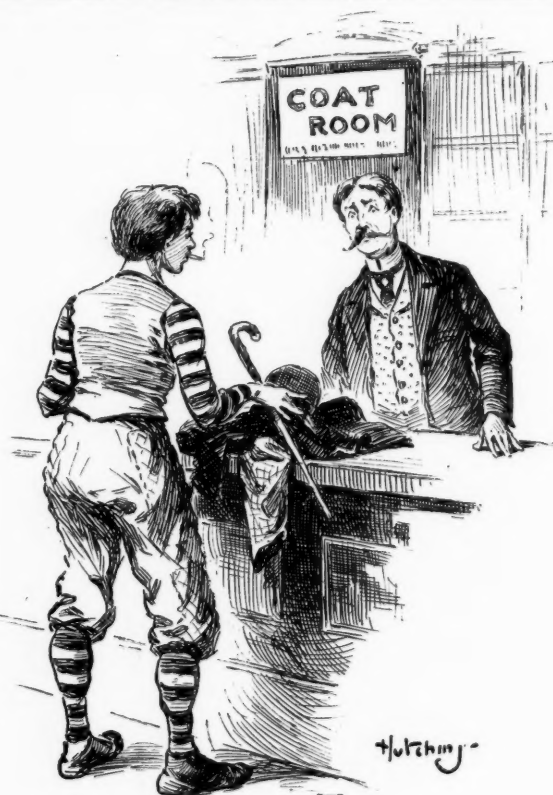
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ATTENDANT (on Fourth of July morning).—Why—ah— is there going to be a foot-ball game on the grounds?

RUSH (Yale '95).—Oh, no! But I'm going to stay for the illumination.—*World's Fair Puck.*

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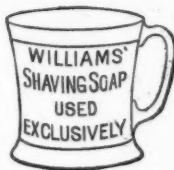


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can be made in three minutes, thus: take a cup of boiling hot water, stir in a quarter teaspoon (not more) of **Liebig Company's Extract of Beef**,

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YOU FIND THEM EVERYWHERE.

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**CHAFING,**  
Itching, Dandruff,  
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BROKEN ON THE WHEEL.—The Man who Spent his Last Cent for a Trip on Mr. Ferris's.—*World's Fair Puck.*

THE MAN who affects to have a "contempt for money" generally possesses more of it than he needs.—*World's Fair Puck.*

"Look you upon one leg and then on t'other."

**THE Boston Garter**

IS THE ONLY ONE WORTH WEARING.

Sold Everywhere.

Won't bind, won't feel uncomfortable, won't let stocking down.



A LIGHT DIET.

MR. BACKBAY.—And these are the Esquimaux. Their country is so cold that it is said they will eat candles in order to keep themselves warm.

EMERSON BACKBAY (astonished).—Father, what do they eat to ignite them with?—*World's Fair Puck.*

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it is to see an infant suffering from the lack of proper food. It is entirely unnecessary, as a reliable food can always be obtained; we refer to the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Sold by grocers and druggists everywhere.

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Professor.—Boys, can you tell the remedy for this case of swelled head?

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Professor.—Go to the head.

Johnnie.—It *DON'T* go to the head.

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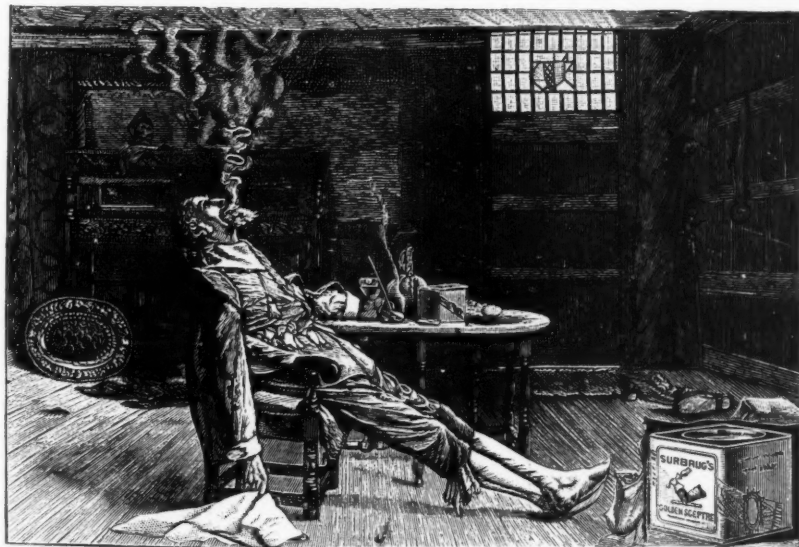
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69. Rainbows. Being Puck's Best Things About Humanity's Hallucinations.

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66. Snowballs. Being Puck's Best Things About Frozen Fun.

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61. Ninety in the Shade. Being Puck's Best Things About Hot Weather Happenings.

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59. Kinks. Being Puck's Best Things About The Woolly Ethiop.

58. Junk. Being Puck's Best Things About All Sorts and Conditions of Men.

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56. Patchwork. Being Puck's Best Things About One Thing and Another.

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UNMISTAKABLE.

UNCLE SI LOW.—Gosh darned, if there ain't the big Krupp gun!—*World's Fair Puck.*

B. B. L.

If Butts in Bromo Lithia Has found the headache cure, Should not his name increase in fame As long as heads endure?

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IN THE CACTUS EXHIBIT.

"They grow them cowcubers longer 'n our'n, but I guess it ain't a picnic to pluck 'em. Gee, what a thing to strike matches on!"—*World's Fair Puck.*

What It Has Done for the Old Gent.

Have kept and sold Hires' Rootbeer several years. I have drunk it exclusively this Summer. Am 78 years old and feel like a boy. It is ahead of Sarsaparilla.

H. VAN WAGENEN, M. D., Darlington, Wis.

54. Emeralds. Being Puck's Best Things About Sons of the Ould Sod.

53. Tips. Being Puck's Best Things About Some Mighty Interesting Matters.

52. Fresh. Being Puck's Best Things About The Unsalted Generation.

51. Whiskers. Being Puck's Best Things About Our Country Cousins.

## KODAKS

Columbus Model Folding Kodaks. These new Kodaks combine the desirable features of a complete view camera with the compactness of a Kodak.

The Lens covers the plate fully, even when the front is raised. It is instantly removable and can be replaced by a wide angle lens which fits the same shutter.

The Shutter. The folding Kodaks are now fitted with an iris diaphragm shutter, having a pneumatic release and a range of automatic exposures from  $\frac{1}{100}$  of a second to 3 seconds.

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	For Film and Glass,	For Glass Plates only,
No. 4 (For 4 x 5 pictures),	\$60.00	\$55.00
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44. Dollars and Cents. Being Puck's Best Things About The Scramble for Scads.

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41. Just Landed. Being Puck's Best Things About Folks from Faraway.

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39. Human Natur'. Being Puck's Best Things About That Curious Customer, Man.

38. Bunco. Being Puck's Best Things About Crooks and Uprights.

37. Kids. Being Puck's Best Things About The Junior Generation.



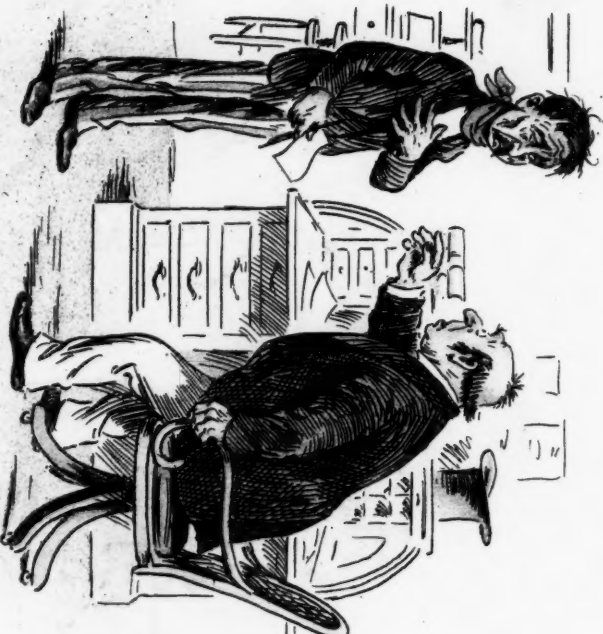
Sorry, Mr. Books; but the dull times have forced me to discharge so many men that I can't spare you this Summer. Besides, a man as healthy-looking as you are does n't need any vacation.



Here's my old box of face paint for private theatricals; what's the matter with making up a little, to look sick? I *must* get a vacation out of the old man, somehow!



There, that face ought to touch his heart! I must practice a hollow cough, too!



Good heavens, Mr. Books, you look like a dying man! You must go away at once, for two weeks!



That was great! I must pack in a hurry and catch that train for the Catskills!



Dear Sir:—Thanks to your generous loan of advance, I am regularly vacationing my health, and shall return to business with renewed vigor.  
Yours gratefully,  
Adolphus Books.

A MIDSUMMER STRATEGY; OR, HOW HE GOT HIS VACATION.



